

The old Album.

Unnoticed dust cover'd
Mislaïd or conceal'd
Rest thoughts that the Album
Alone has revealed.

In the heart's deep recesses,
Glow embers of thought,
That are kindled unbidden,
In imagery wrought.

In the mind's deep seclusion
Lie hidden secure,
In the long treasur'd casket,
Gems sparkling and pure.

There are currents that flow
From the well springs of life,
That rise above passion
And hatred and strife.

Then refer to the record,
Tho' transient in thought,
Recall'd by the Album,
Too often forgot.

As light dispels darkness
There breaks on the mind,
Like gleamings of sunshine,
Pure thoughts unconfined.

Enshrined in affection,
No words can disclose,
The fullness that's hidden
Where heart thoughts repose.
P. B. W.